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'Oh yes, our sister company in Abidjan has sent a young African to train in a large brewery in France.'

'What is your labour like?'

'Not so good. They don't seem to have much interest in their work.'

I remembered my discussion with Babacar Saye, Mayor of St. Louis, who told me that though he was a Socialist, he believed that at the present time capitalism had an essential role in the country. 'If we are to improve the conditions of the proletariat capitalism is a necessity, but this improvement cannot be speeded up except to the extent that the profit from capital is used towards the satisfying of the indispensable needs of the workers. Therefore it is necessary that the worker feels that he is complementary to the capitalist—it is up to the capitalist to make him understand this.'

To me this seems one of the most important factors in the industrialization of West Africa. The African from the tribal background is essentially an individual with a distinct position in his tribal group or village. Though he appreciates the money he earns in industry, psychologically he does not like being treated as a mere cog in a machine, losing his identity. If he could be given some indication that he is as indispensable to the firm as the manager, he would work hard. As Mr. C. O. Van der Plas, the United Nations Official in the Gambia, once observed: 'It is curious that the African running his own little enterprise works literally like a black, and takes on enormous responsibilities.' Yet if he is taken on as a cog in a vast machine, he becomes slack and Europeans call him the most inefficient and expensive labour in the world. It seems to me that a lot depends on the relations between the worker and the managerial staff.

Two years before I had visited a large shoe factory in neighbouring Rufisque with Mr. David Pearson, the British Consul responsible for liaison between British and French territories in West Africa. The factory was sited on the outskirts of the town opposite a huge cement works which belched forth pastel smoke at an angry sky. We entered a courtyard where hides of every colour were lying in the sun to dry. A Czech employee of the firm, which has its origins in Czechoslovakia, met us and led us into a gloomy shed where flabby hides, a hideous grey green in